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From the Liberator.

Voting for Disunion at the Ballot-Box.

The following are the remarks offered on this subject by EDWARD QUINCY, before the last Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society:

The resolution is on the duty of abolitionists, with regard to political action under the Constitution of the United States. I suppose that almost all of those who listen to me now, are aware of the position which abolitionists of the American and of the Massachusetts A. S. Societies occupy, with regard to the Constitution and the Union. I suppose that you all know that in the course of our history, we looked ahead to and when we were asked to vote for a man who was a slaveholder, and to see what we could do to remove it, in due time we discovered that we ourselves were among the main supporters of slavery; that our shoulders were underneath the inverted cone which was standing upon its apex in this country, and threatening us with destruction. We found that the very first thing which we, as abolitionists had to do, was to take away our support from that institution. It was as Frederick Douglass said, "You have your feet upon our necks, and our demand is to take them off."

We looked at the Constitution, and found that, by the provisions which it makes to sustain slavery, which protected the slave-trade for twenty years, which made slavery a national institution, which gave the whole domination of the whole country to a small oligarchy of slaveholders, and which pledged the whole physical force of the entire nation to put down a servile revolution, if it should break forth; when we discovered that this was what the Constitution required, and that men could not enter into public office without swearing to support the Constitution, we found that we could not swear to do these things, resolving not to do them. We could not escape from this by verbal equivocation, or by mental reservation, and we therefore refused to accept office, because we should be obliged to swear to support that Constitution. By another step, by precisely the same course of reasoning, we discovered that what we could not do ourselves, we could not do by attorney; and therefore, we arrived at that further truth, that not only may we not accept an office which requires an oath to support the Constitution, but we may not appoint another to take that oath, and do that work for us. That is the position in which this Society now stands.

The resolution before us is one which has been brought before the meeting by one of the most faithful, uncompromising friends of abolition in the country, who supposes that there is a way in which abolitionists may vote, without compromising their principles, and may thus do a greater work by a test money, as our friend calls it, against the existence of slavery, by recording a vote in this particular manner—that abolitionists shall vote only for such persons pledged not to accept office; that their candidates shall be persons who are notoriously pledged not to accept office in the possible contingency of election. That has been the subject of discussion this afternoon.

It seems to me, sir, that there are objections to this plan of my friend, deeper than those arising from expediency—of a more vital character to our fidelity to our principles, to the consistency of our conduct. It is said that voting, in itself, is a right thing; that there is no harm in dropping a piece of paper, of a particular form and reasonable size, into a particular box of wood. I fully assent to that proposition, of course. So there was nothing wrong in the mere act of the Governor of the State, to-day, in signing a piece of paper, which piece of paper is the commission of Col. Caleb Cushing. The mere act of dipping his pen into the ink, and writing upon a piece of paper, has nothing wrong in it. But there is something very wrong signified by that act. There is nothing wrong in the mere act of cutting a rope; but when, in consequence of cutting a rope; a trap-door falls, and a human being is launched into eternity, it becomes a serious matter. So it is with depositing a ballot in the box; and the mere act has, in itself, nothing wrong; but it may become something wrong by the fact of what it is the outward symbol. Now what is voting under the Constitution? The act of depositing a ballot in a ballot-box, is not simply limited by that act. It is the highest act of sovereignty. In this country, the people are the recognized sovereigns. The will of the people, signified in the manner which they have themselves directed, is the will of the sovereign. The officers of the government are the ministers, the servants, of this sovereign power, appointed in the manner which they have themselves pointed out. The act of voting at the ballot-box is the act by which the sovereign of the country appoints his ministers.

This is a matter of fact, not of opinion. The necessary results of the act of voting are decided by the Constitution itself. What is the Constitution? Why, it is the charter, by which the sovereign has limited his own powers. The sovereign being absolute, having absolute control of his political power, of life and death, he limits his own power by a charter. This is done in the old world; it has been done over and over again. We have done it in this country, only the sovereigns were many, instead of one. The sovereigns have limited their power by this charter; and when they vote under that charter, the meaning of that act is to be determined by what that charter contains. By that act, he has not renounced, but limited his sovereignty. He cannot hold his seat upon the throne, and abdicate it at the same time. The Constitution of the United States is the commission of the servant, by which the sovereign indicates what it is his pleasure that he should do. The Constitution, containing these provisions, these wicked, these inhuman clauses, is the commission by which the sovereign directs his servant what he is to do; and when he comes to the ballot-box, he takes up his paper sceptre, and indicates this man

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

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or that man to do his will. He may not say, I do not mean that he shall do these very things. Voting is a legal act.

There are those in this country, who have set up the opinion, that the Constitution is a dogma, a belief, to which every man may apply his own standard, his own vagaries of belief. But any man who knows anything about the application of law to life, knows that the Constitution is a law, the highest rule of civil action, and is to be interpreted according to the received rules for the interpretation of laws, and its meaning is to be determined by the tribunal it has itself erected for that purpose.

It seems to me, therefore, that the abolitionists, holding these sentiments with regard to the Constitution of the United States, would forbid us from appointing persons to do these things, when we know that they will not do them. It seems to me, that it is not, in the highest sense, good faith to enter into a course of political action of this kind. It seems to me, that there is no alternative between acting under this Constitution as it is, appointing men to act under it as it is received, and refusing to act under it altogether, doing what we can to overthrow it and substitute another Constitution in its place. That seems to me to be the honest, open, fair, above-board course, to be taken in a case like this.

Voting under the Constitution is a definite thing which is decided by the character of the Constitution, and the laws under it, and we cannot make it anything else, by any opinion in our own minds. It is a thing which we ought not to do. We have the highest Constitutional authority in this country, the late Chief Justice Marshall, that the Constitution of the U. S. is created anew every time the people go to the ballot-box; and he says that, whenever the people should cease to vote, the Constitution would die, for want of breath. The Constitution is renewed, is created afresh, every time a man goes and places his vote in the ballot-box. That is the breath of its nostrils, the life-blood which circulates through its veins.

I do not think this course, which has been proposed, is consistent with the principles which we have laid down; and I am confident that it would be mischievous, so far as it had any effect at all. I do not believe that it would be adopted to any considerable extent; and if it were, I think that it would lower our position, would injure our standing and relations to the world. We shall gain nothing, we have gained nothing, by the attempts which we have made to show our numbers, because our numbers are few. Our physical force is nothing in this nation; but our moral power is omnipotent. The moral power of the Anti-Slavery movement has changed the aspect of the nation, has produced political results, never as other revolutions have done. And it has not been by voting, by the force of numbers, but by the power of truth, told in love and in fidelity. In that method I still believe; that philosophy I still hold; and holding that philosophy, believing in that method, until my opinion is changed by argument, I shall decline assenting to the plan proposed by my friend, implied in this resolution, and shall continue to act in the manner in which I have ever done since the commencement of the cause.

The Drowning of Six Hundred Slaves.

In the year of 1830, there was hovering on the African coast, a large clipper-ship called the *Brillante*, commanded by a dexterous and named Homans. Homans was an Englishman, by birth, and was known along the whole coast and in Cuba, as the most successful slaver of his day. The brig was owned by two men residing in Havana, one an Englishman, and the other a Spaniard. She was built to carry six hundred negroes, and in her, Homans had made ten successful voyages, actually landing in Cuba five thousand negroes! The brig carried ten guns, had thirty sweeps, and a crew of sixty Spaniards, most of them old pirates, as desperate as their commander. An English brig-of-war, which attacked her, was so cut up in hull and rigging, that she was abandoned and soon after sunk. An English sloop of war attempted to carry the *Brillante* with boats, which were beaten off with great slaughter. Now it was known that Homans was again on the coast, and it was resolved to make another attempt to take him with the evidence of his guilt on board. The arrangements for this purpose were all well made. He was allowed to take in his cargo of negroes and set sail.

The *Brillante* had not lost sight of the coast when the quick eye of her commander discovered that he was entrapped. Four cruizers, three of them English and one American, had been lying in wait for him, and escape was hopeless. In running away from one he would come in reach of another. Night was coming on, and Homans was silently regarding his pursuers, when suddenly the huge sails flapped idly—the wind died away, and the slaver was motionless on the waters.

"This will not do," Homans muttered, knocking away the ashes from his cigar, "their boats will be down on me before I am ready for their visit."

And, as he said this, his stern face lit up with a smile, the expression of which was disabused. It was evident enough that he meditated some desperate plan.

A dozen sweeps were got out, and the vessel moved slowly through the water. Meantime the darkness having deepened, Homans proceeded to carry out his design.

The cable attached to the heaviest anchor was taken out-side of the hawse-hole, and carried round the rail of the brig, extending from the bow, aft round the stern, and then forward round the other side. The hatches were then taken off, and the negroes passed up, each securely ironed by the wrists. As the miserable wretches came up from the hot hold into the fresh air, they expressed by their looks a gratitude which would have softened the heart of any but the fiend in whose power they were. Without a word they were led to the side, and made to bend over the rail, outside of which the chain ran—

The iron which clasped their wrists were then fastened by smaller chains to the links of the cable. It was slow work, but at the end of four hours, six hundred Africans, male and female, were bending over the rail of the brig, in a painful position, holding by their chained hands the huge cable which was attached to a heavy anchor, suspended by a single sling from the bow.

Homans himself examined the fastenings to see that every negro was strongly bound to the chain. This done, he ordered the pen work of the hold to be broken up, brought on deck, bound up in matting, and well filled with shot and thrown overboard. The work was completed an hour before daybreak, and now the only witnesses of Homans' crime, were attached to that fatal chain. Homans turned to the mate, and with a smile full of meaning, said in Spanish,

"Harro, take an axe and go forward. The wind will come off to us soon, and then to the word, and when you hear it, cut the sling."

The man went forward, and Homans turned, and in vain endeavored to penetrate the darkness.

"I don't want to lose the niggers," he said, speaking aloud, "and yet I dare not wait until daylight. I wish I knew where the bounds were."

At that instant the report of a gun reached his ear, and then another, and another, and another, in different directions. The cruizers were firing signals.

"That's enough," exclaimed Homans, "I know where you are." Then, raising his voice, he cried, "Harro, are you ready?" The wind will reach us soon."

"Ay, ay, sir," was the response.

In a few minutes the sails began to fill, and the vessel moved slowly through the water.

"How much water do you suppose we have here?" asked Homans, turning to the man at the wheel.

"Fifty fathoms, at least," was the reply.

"That will do," the slaver muttered, and he walked forward, and examined carefully the "chain gang," as he brutally termed his diabolical invention.

The negroes set up piteous groans. For many hours they had bent over in this unnatural position, by which they were suffering the keenest torture.

The breeze strengthened, and the *Brillante* dashed like a racer over the deep. Homans hailed from the quarter deck, while his men, collected in groups, saw unmoved the consummation of the plan.

"Are you ready, Harro?"

"Ay, ay, sir,"

Homans looked round, and into the darkness, which was fast giving way to the morning. Then he thundered out,

There was the sound of a single blow, a heavy plunge, and, as the cable fell off the side, a crash, above which arose one terrible shriek—it was the last cry of the murdered Africans. One moment more, and all was still. Six hundred human beings had gone down with that anchor and chain into the depths of the ocean!

Two hours after daybreak the *Brillante* was overhauled. There was no evidence that she was a slaver, and her captors were obliged to let her pass. The instructions to cruizers at that time did not allow a vessel to be captured unless negroes were found on board.

Christian Slaveholders.

A correspondent of the Pittsburgh Commercial Journal, thus speaks of some Christian Slaveholders she met in the South:

MR. RIDDLE:—

"A Christian voluntarily acquires slaves under a law which prevents his emancipating them, then pleads that law as an excuse for holding them; nay, Christians make the laws which they say prevent their keeping the laws of God. Christians keep slaves because they cannot get rid of them, and for the good of the slave. If they would give them opportunity to get a ticket on the underground rail road, the first objection would vanish, although I myself knew one case where a pious man was reduced to a thought. In the summer of 1838 we were in Louisville, Kentucky. I had little thought of ever writing a line for the public, or I should have kept some other memento of several things than mere memory; but I do remember well a solemn, sensible, sanctimonious soul who dwelt in Walnut street, between Fifth and Sixth streets. His name is long forgotten; but he was a ruling elder in the Second Presbyterian Church, and was a goodly sight to see his long shaven face, set Zionward every Sabbath morn, with his stern-visaged wife on his arm and his children around him, going up to the Sanctuary. They sang Watt's psalms there, and had a fiddle to help them—for he was a chief singer in Israel. There was another branch of his family—those he kept for their own good—who always went to meeting while he was at church. Two bright lads in particular had a regular meeting with some big fat hogs, for a Sunday ride; and many a merry one I saw them take; and many a Sabbath they preached my sermon. He had music, too, but the fiddle was made of a cornstalk, and 'Rosin the Bow,' and 'Riding on a Rail,' served us for psalms, as they did the singing themselves and preached gratis I had no right to complain. The prayers were said backwards to be sure, and good people would have called them profane cursing; but as they were kept by a pious Presbyterian for their own good, and this good was to compensate for a life of toil without wages, of course their spiritual concerns were well attended to, and what sounded like imprecations on their own souls, their companions, and the hogs, must have been prayers."

One of these brothers who was about ten years old, appeared to be a favorite with his master, at least he was specially anxious to keep him under his pious care, which the little wretch was ungrateful enough to wish to leave; and to prevent this, the good elder kept on him during

all the months I knew him, and weary months before, a stout iron collar—the only one I ever saw—with a projection at the back and front, and one at each side by the handle or tall, which stood up over his head farther than he could reach, and was an iron rod as thick as my smallest finger. The collar and handle must have weighed full five pounds, and was so formed that I never could tell how the child lay down. It was kept on him because he would run away, and as Christians keep slaves because "they can't get rid of them," what could the demon do with one that would not stay? Mr. Riddle, neither you nor Mr. Annan need try to improve my logic in this, for it must be sound, or it could not have stayed so long in use.

There was another church there, where they sang David's psalms without a fiddle—that is the white folk—but the black members of the family—the young ones—had the same psalms which were sung by the colored and the hymn-singing neighbors had.

We used to have some laughing about the old preacher who started an inquiry about the relative value of souls on Coal Hill and souls in Pittsburgh; but I would like to know if a soul in Asia is worth more than a soul in Georgia; or one in China than one in Alabama. Our Christians have rejoiced in the murders and cruel wars of Britain in those two countries because they changed the laws which kept the Bible from reaching the people; while they make and uphold laws to create darkness—to keep the lamp of life from those whom the Kentucky Presbytery has pronounced "a nation of heathen in our midst." Ask our Northern churches to interfere for our own "perishing heathen," and the laws of your country is the answer: "churches have no right to interfere with the laws of the country." The laws of the country doom, as far as they can, these millions to eternal death, and Christians made the laws of the country and refuse to unmake them. Again I ask Messrs Annan and Kerr, what are you doing for those perishing millions—those prisoners whom your brethren in the church have appointed unto death? We hear a great deal about your missionary zeal for the heathen over the waters, what about those at home?

They are your brethren's merchandise, and when they sell a soul, You'll get part of the price, to spread the truth from pole to pole.

Where are even the prayers for the benighted heathen—and echo answers where? Go into one of our churches and the petitions are going up—that is if such broken-winged concerns can get up for the downfall of Popery and prelacy, but not a word about slavery—for the bringing in of the Jews, together with the greater fullness of the Gentile nations;" but not a word about the gentiles we have looked out. Most of our preachers are like the Priest and Levite when they came to Mason and Dixon's line—to the people who have fallen among thieves—they pass by on the other side, and then come to us with their cant—their zeal for the purity of the church, and its worship, just as if saying long prayers and contending about the meaning of words, while all have their feet upon the necks of those whom they are trampling into perdition, could be any worship. But I may as well quit here, for I should never get done; and again call the attention of our religious presses, all of them, to the question, "Shall we give the Bible to the millions of slaves?"

JANE G. SWISSHELM.

From the Liberator.

Religious Instruction of Slaves.

The city of Charleston has lately been illustrated by the planting of a germ of a great Missionary Enterprise. The great A. B. C. of American Apostleship will now be met in the Field of the World's Conversion by the X. Y. Z. (or whatever other alphabets the Board may be designated by.) of Southern Sainthood. And between them both they will be the Alpha and Omega of American Christianity, and accomplish the whole Alphabet of Godliness.

They who sit in the Scoffer's Seat have often girded at that incorporation of our country's Piety, the American Board of Commissioners, because they have expended their labors on Heathen hearts on the other side of the globe, while they left uncared for a whole nation of Heavens in their own country. And it has seemed as if they regarded the claims of the Antipodes upon their Christian offices as greater than those of their neighbors. As if their love to the perishing souls was in the geometrical ratio of the distances as which they were from them. As if the earth's diameter were an essential conductor of their electric zeal to their converts' hearts.

But difficulties were in the way of those holy men, compared with which the perdition of a few millions of black souls was of little consequence. The Board was the Representative of American Religion—of that Religion which overshadows our whole beloved country, South as well as North, and binds the entire country together in "a Glorious Union, One and Inseparable, Now and Forever!" It should not be expected that the Permanence of such a Union, the Peace of the Church, and the Comfort of the Ministry should be endangered merely for the sake of the salvation of a few niggers. At least, we suppose that the main-spring of the A. B. C. F. M. is still the priming of withholding the Gospel light from souls sitting in darkness, which cannot attain unto salvation without it. We know this used to be the argument, when, in our youth, "after the most straitest sect of our religion we were brought up" at Andover, and had to go (for which of our sins!) to the Monthly Concert.

The painful necessity, however, of delivering over sable souls to be buffeted for the eternal good of olive and copper-colored ones, (on the principle, we suppose, that Sir Mungo Malagrowther used to be flogged for the royal benefit of King Jamie,) is now happily about to be superseded. The Saints of the South have taken the matter in hand themselves, to the great comfort and edification of

of their Northern brethren. A meeting has been held at Charleston, (S. C.), to consider the subject of the religious instruction of the colored population of the State. It was addressed by the Hon. Mr. Elmore, and the following resolution passed:—

"Resolved, That we concur entirely in the opinions expressed by the Sessions of this Church, and by the Presbytery of Charleston, that, in order that such instruction should be given efficiently, and at the same time with proper safeguards, it must be afforded by thoroughly educated ministers, of sound principles, who are devoted to the welfare of that people, and who understand our institutions."

Thus it will be perceived the matter is in the right hands. Northern fanaticism will be kept at bay. The Gospel will not be preached without "proper safeguards." "Sound principles," and an understanding of those institutions which we have the authority of the pious Recorder of New Orleans for saying are "no less sacred than Religion itself," will be essential prerequisites for entering upon this missionary fit to be poured upon the sightless orbs of the slaves in one overpowering flood, but let us upon them with the wise moderation of experienced Oculists. The Bread of Life is not to be set before their starving souls in all its plenteousness, but doled out scientifically, lest, peradventure, they feed upon reptiles, and so perish. A peck of spiritual corn per week will be measured out to them the sustenance of their souls, only this provender will be ready cooked to their hands. A class of spiritual overseers will be established to keep the souls of the slaves in such repair as will put their bodies into the best working order. These new Apostles will have their hearers at a deadly advantage. Their conversions must outnumber those of their less fortunate brethren. The cartwip in one hand must greatly facilitate the reception of the gospel held in the other. The minister who can have a dilatory convert tied up by the thumbs and flogged at his discretion, must of necessity have a prevailing influence over the outpouring of the Spirit. We shall look for an extended Revival over the whole Southern country.

The promoters of this Scheme of Salvation need dismiss from their minds the hopes they have expressed, that the Abolitionists will have their mouths stopped by it; as well as their fears that it will be "conceded too much" to that impracticable generation. They understand this game too well. They understand, as well as the masters, that Religion "with proper safeguards," is better for a nigger than the best *larruping* he can catch. A professor of religion always brings more on the auction-block than an impenitent sinner. A minister of the Gospel is worth any money, especially if he literally, as well as metaphorically, belongs to the church as some do. Heaven and Hell, as set forth by ministers of sound principles, are better instruments for extorting toil and obedience, than cat-o-nine tails and branding irons. We are not at all surprised at this movement of the Slaveholders. They were ever a crafty generation. But that any people at the North should be simple enough not to see through so very transparent a pretence as this, and to rejoice in the belief that Slaveholders can impart Christianity to their Slaves, when its true teaching would show them at once their equal rights with their masters, is passing strange. But, luckily, the reign of Humbug is not over. And, thank Heaven, all the fools are not dead, yet.—q.

From the National Era.

THE FIRST ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING IN THE U. S.

The Attorney General of the State of Louisiana has pronounced the Declaration of Independence "a humbug," and Caleb Cushing, late of Massachusetts, has made the discovery, announced in his Fourth of July Oration, "in General Arista's garden," that the Revolutionary War was not a war for Liberty. That such were not the views of the men of the Revolution, seems sufficient proof of the nature and bearing of the Great Declaration, is found in the proceedings of a meeting held in Middlesex county, New Jersey, on the 4th of 7th month, 1783, the first anniversary of the signing of that instrument, at the close of the war.

The meeting took place in the township of Woodbridge. Great preparations had been made; an ox was roasted, and large numbers assembled to partake of it, and to listen to the orator of the day, Dr. Bloomfield, father of the late Governor Bloomfield, of New Jersey. At the appointed time the orator mounted the platform, followed by all his slaves, fourteen in number, seven of whom took places on his left, and seven on his right, while he addressed the multitude on the evils of Slavery. At the close of his speech, he turned to his slaves, stating that, inasmuch as he, as a nation, had declared all men equal, he could not consistently hold slaves. "Why," asked he, "should these my fellow citizens, be held in bondage? From this day they are free!"

In the midst of the applause which followed, the Doctor called up to him one somewhat advanced in years. "Hector," said he, "when you cannot support yourself, you are entitled to a maintenance from my property. When do you suppose you will need that maintenance?"

The delighted negro held up his left hand, and with his right, drew a line across the middle joint of his fingers: "Nebber, massa, nebber, so long as any of dese fingers are left above dese joints!"

"There, fellow citizens," said the Doctor, "you see that Liberty is as dear to the man of color, as to you or me."

The air rang with applause, and the company separated, without a suggestion from any one that it would be an act of patriotism to Lynch the good Doctor for his fanaticism. How it would have fared, however, with some Caleb Cushing of that day, if such a character

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ter is supposable, had he undertaken to show the people on that occasion that the war through which they had just passed was not a struggle for Liberty, and that the Declaration of Independence was merely a flourish of rhetoric, is very questionable. His situation, we fear, would have been little better than that of the commander of the Massachusetts regiment in General Pillow's detachment at Matamoras.

J. G. W.

MR. BUCHANAN—1819 AND 1847.

Since the publication of Mr. Buchanan's letter recommending the acquisition of New Territory, to be acquired from Mexico, a Pennsylvania Editor has been studying the history of that gentleman, in connection with the celebrated Compromise of 1850. The results of his research, are two resolutions passed at a public meeting in Lancaster, in 1819, reported by a Committee of the Secretary of State was one. He found them in an old newspaper, and now republishes them in the *York Republican*.

They are as follows:

Resolved, That the Representatives in Congress from this District be, and they are hereby most earnestly requested to use their utmost endeavors, as members of the National Legislature, to prevent the existence of slavery in any of the territories or States which may be erected by Congress.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting, the members of Congress who, at the last session, sustained the cause of Justice, Humanity and Patriotism, in opposing the introduction of Slavery into the State then endeavored to be formed out of the Missouri territory, are entitled to the warmest thanks of every friend of humanity.

Now, let it be remembered that Slavery had been permitted to exist in the Louisiana Territory, without any discouragement from Congress, and that the people of that territory about to form themselves into a State, had adopted a Constitution recognizing and continuing the system. Slavery was undoubtedly unconstitutional in the whole Territory, as there was no power in the General Government competent to sustain such an institution. Independent of that, Congress had a clear discretion over the admission of States, and had the right to refuse to the territory, permission to form a State, unless they should agree to abolish Slavery. Mr. Buchanan, undoubtedly, thought the matter very clear, at the time the above resolutions were passed.

But, clear as the Missouri question was, although decided against the wishes of a majority of the people of the Union, and the clearest Constitutional rights of the Free States, by the influence of Henry Clay, (for which achievement he has ever since claimed great credit,) the present question, presented by the Wilmot Proviso, is, if possible, clearer still. There Slavery existed in fact, and the argument that no State ought to be excluded from the Union on account of an institution which was tolerated in many that already composed it, was, to say the least, plausible. But here, the people of the Territories, to be acquired, have already abolished Slavery, and the project that Mr. Buchanan now recommends to the Democracy of Pennsylvania, is, not only to plant the institution within them, in defiance of all natural right and the Constitution of the land, but contrary to the express will of the people themselves. Ought Mr. Buchanan to complain, if the people, jealous of their rights, should suspect that his change of opinion was rather the consequence of the allurements of the prospective Presidency, than the legitimate deductions of sound logic, from true Constitutional principles?—*Cin. Herald.*

The Secretary of the Treasury, since the first of January last, has sent upwards of twelve millions of dollars to New Orleans—an amount unprecedented since the Government was originated.—*Washington Union.*

This shows where the money is going to. As fast as we have imported specie from England—the product of the bread we have sent there to feed the hungry—so fast it has been sent to Mexico, on its other errand of death and destruction. Thus we have been compelled to take advantage of the famine in Europe to carry on what is worse than famine—a war in Mexico.—*N. Y. Express.*

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, as Commander-in-Chief, has sent a circular, under date of June 27, to the military stations, in which he orders that the instrument hitherto used for the branding of deserters shall be laid aside, because the brand is too easily effaced, and that hereafter the branding shall be done by means of needles. The operation is to take place in the hospitals, under the eye of a physician, who must satisfy himself that the letter D is indelibly engraved in the skin. It may be reasonably asked if it be true, as Lord Palmerston said this day in the Lower House, that England stands at the head of social, moral, and political civilization?—*Harbinger.*

A great part of Georgia is under water.—There will be no corn or cotton. The rain, and the winds, and all nature, appear to have conspired against the people—their wickedness, doubtless. We trust they will repent, and go to—*Texas.*—*Boston Whig.*

ANTI-SLAVERY IN PITTSBURGH.—The Mystery says:—

"Right gloriously is the work of anti-slavery going on in our midst, and nothing short of the old style, old organization—new style, no union with slaveholders, come-over kind. A society was formed on last Thursday evening, the ladies and men coming up to the work right handsomely."

BRITISH DONATIONS.—We see by a Parliamentary paper, that the British Government gave £15,000, about \$75,000, to the North American Indians in Canada.

Brown's Narrative.

The following is an extract from the Narrative of W. W. Brown.

Toward the latter part of the summer, Captain Reynolds left the boat, and I was sent home. I was then placed on the farm under Mr. Haskell, the overseer. As I had been some time out of the field, and not accustomed to work in the burning sun, it was very hard; but I was compelled to keep up with the best of the hands.

I found a great difference between the work in a steamboat cabin and that in a corn-field.

My master, who was then living in the city, soon after removed to the farm, when I was taken out of the field to work in the house as a waiter. Though his wife was very pious, and hard to please, I much preferred to be under her control than the overseer's. They brought with them Mr. Sloan, a Presbyterian minister; Miss Martha Tuley, a niece of theirs from Kentucky; and their nephew William. The latter had been in the family a number of years, but the others were all new-comers.

Mr. Sloan was a young minister, who had been at the South but a short time, and it seemed as if his whole aim was to please the slaveholders, especially my master and mistress. He was intending to make a visit during the winter, and he not only tried to please them, but I think he succeeded admirably. When they wanted singing, he sang; when they wanted praying, he prayed; when they wanted a story told, he told a story. Instead of his teaching my master theology, my master taught theology to him. While I was with Captain Reynolds, my master "got religion," and new laws were made on the plantation. Formerly, we had the privilege of hunting, fishing, making spirit brooms, baskets, &c. on Sunday; but this was all stopped. Every Sunday, we were all compelled to attend meeting. Master was so religious, that he induced some others to join him in hiring a preacher to preach to the slaves.

My master had family worship, night and morning. At night, the slaves were called in to attend; but in the mornings, they had to be at their work, and master did all the praying. My master and mistress were great lovers of mint julep, and every morning, a pitcher-full was made, of which they all partook freely, not excepting little master William. After drinking freely all round, they would have family worship, and then breakfast. I cannot say but I loved the julep as well as any of them, and during the prayer was always careful to seat myself close to the table where it stood, so as to help myself when they were all busily engaged in their devotions. By the time prayer was over, I was about as happy as any of them. A sad accident happened one morning. In helping myself, and at the same time keeping an eye on my old mistress, I accidentally let the pitcher fall upon the floor, breaking it in pieces, and spilling the contents. This was a bad affair for me; for as soon as prayer was over, I was taken and severely chastised.

My master's family consisted of himself, his wife, and their nephew, William Moore. He was taken into the family, when only a few weeks of age. His name being that of my own, mine was changed, for the purpose of giving precedence to his, though I was his senior by ten or twelve years. The plantation being four miles from the city, I had to drive the family to church. I always dreaded the approach of the Sabbath; for, during service, I was obliged to stand by the horses in the hot broiling sun, or in the rain, just as it happened.

One Sabbath, as we were driving past the house of D. D. Page, a gentleman who owned a large baking establishment, as I was sitting upon the box of the carriage which was very much elevated, I saw Mr. Page pursuing a slave around the yard, with a long whip, cutting him at every jump. The man soon escaped from the yard, and was followed by Mr. Page. They came running past us, and the slave perceiving that he would be overtaken, stopped suddenly, and Page stumbled over him, and falling on the stone pavement, fractured one of his legs, which crippled him for life. The same gentleman, but a short time previous, tied up a woman of his, by the name of Delphia, and whipped her nearly to death; yet he was a Deacon in the Baptist church, in good and regular standing. Poor Delphia! I was well acquainted with her, and called to see her while upon her sick bed; and I shall never forget her appearance. She was a member of the same church with her master.

Soon after this, I was hired out to Mr. Walker, the same man whom I have mentioned as having carried a gang of slaves down the river, on the steamboat Enterprise. Seeing me in the capacity of steward on the boat, and thinking that I would make a good hand to take care of slaves, he determined to have me for that purpose; and finding that my master would not sell me, he hired me for the term of one year.

When I learned the fact of my having been hired to a negro speculator, or a "soul-driver," as they are generally called among slaves, no one can tell my emotions. Mr. Walker had offered a high price for me, as I afterwards learned, but I suppose my master was restrained from selling me by the fact that I was a near relative of his. On entering the service of Mr. Walker, I found that my opportunity of getting to a land of liberty was gone, at least for the time being. He had a gang of slaves in readiness to start for New Orleans, and in a few days we were on our journey. I am at a loss for language to express my feelings on that occasion. Although my master had told me that he had not sold me, and Mr. Walker had told me that he had not purchased me, I did not believe them; and not until I had been to New Orleans, and was on my return, did I believe that I was not sold.

There was on the boat a large room on the lower deck, in which the slaves were kept, men and women, promiscuously—all chained two and two, and a strict watch kept that they did not get loose; for cases have occurred in which slaves have got off their chains, and made their escape at landing-places, while the boats were taking in wood;—and with all our care, we lost one woman who had been taken from her husband and children, and having no desire to live without them, in the agony of her soul jumped overboard, and drowned herself. She was not chained.

It was almost impossible to keep that part of the boat clean.

On landing at Natchez, the slaves were all carried to the slave-pen, and there kept one week, during which time, several of them

were sold. Mr. Walker fed his slaves well. We took on board, at St. Louis, several hundred pounds of bacon (smoked meat) and corn-mesh, and his slaves were better fed than slaves generally were in Natchez, so far as my observation extended.

At the end of a week, we left for New Orleans, the place of our final destination, which we reached in two days. Here the slaves were placed in a negro-pen, where those who wished to purchase could call and examine them. The negro-pen is a small yard, surrounded by buildings, from fifteen to twenty feet wide, with the exception of a large gate with iron bars. The slaves are kept in the buildings during the night, and turned out into the yard during the day. After the last of the stock was sold at private sale at the pen, the balance were taken to the Exchange Coffee House Auction Rooms, kept by Isaac L. McCoy, and sold at public auction. After the sale of this lot of slaves, we left New Orleans for St. Louis.

COMMUNICATIONS.

FRIENDS JONES:

I see by the account given by you of the Yearly Meeting of Friends, held in Salem, that the Society has made but little progress, and that little "backward." It is not in the nature of organizations to make progress, and it is hardly fair to expect or ask it, seeing that none exhibit the novel spectacle of advancing forward. It is not quite true perhaps, that any society is making any permanent steps backward. If they only remain stationary, those who are really progressing may think them retrograding; as stationary objects on the highway seem to recede as we move off from them. Where is the individual who can point out one element in these organizations, from which we might look for progress, as the legitimate and necessary result? The natural tendency, if not the design, of all organizations is, to prevent progress. A number of individuals agree in some grand idea. They are at first naturally drawn together, as by the affinity of particles. They discuss it, enlarge upon it, and finally conclude that they know all that can be known in that direction. So sure are they of this, that they are not willing to trust the next generation, not even willing to trust themselves the next year, or month. So they put it down in imperishable black and white, "thus far shall thou go and no farther," and here, thou ever rolling tide of mind "shalt thy proud waves be staid." Hence, creeds, disciplines, constitutions—hence, churches, political parties, governments.—In settling new questions, appeal is not now made to reason, but to the written word, to precedent, to creeds, to disciplines, to the "wisdom of our fathers." Notwithstanding we have improved opportunities for forming a correct judgment, we must set it aside when it comes in conflict with theirs. Thus every loyal subject of these organizations is chained down to the past. The ardor of his benevolent feelings toward suffering humanity is so cooled down by sectarian and party selfishness, that it never rises to the acting point. His most fervent yearnings for his oppressed brothers and sisters, must be smothered within his bosom at the bidding of this irresponsible power. Every independent step he takes in advance of the body, is at the expense of his loyalty and subjects him to liability of dismemberment—to the anathemas of those in power. Organizations may, and do, sometimes occupy a higher position than they did at some former period of their existence; but we have yet to see the power that constitutes the organizations, proposing any thing like innovation—any thing calculated to better humanity, and restrict its own power over the individual. Any change that is made for the better, is always through individual exertion, against all the opposition that the organization can present, until resistance is no longer availing, and then it slowly, reluctantly pulls up its stakes, deeply rooted in sectarian ground, only to transplant them as firmly, and in soil as barren, and sectarian, as that from which, by the long and arduous labor of the reformer, they have been uprooted. This is only re-organization; and the new one varies but little from the old in its objects, and contains no new element.

A vast amount of well meant effort is lost in this fruitless attempt to reform these institutions. There is no individual worthy the name of reformer, who is so tame and conservative as to talk about reforming the institutions of War and Slavery. Because these institutions are intrinsically wrong, containing no redeeming principle, their immediate and entire expulsion is demanded by all genuine philanthropists. Would it not be better, then, to waste no labor in attempting to reform the organizations of the day, whether political or religious, but demand, as we do of other intrinsic evils, their immediate and entire abandonment! For, when we take away the power which one set of individuals exercise over others, we remove every characteristic of the organization itself.

In regard to that branch of the Society of Friends, who recently held their Yearly Meeting in Salem, I only wish to say, that those who attended last year, at Mt. Pleasant could not expect them to make further progress. They, in common with other religious societies, are greatly under the influence of their preachers. Dr. Schooley, an intelligent, and rather popular preacher amongst them, in a very solemn and impressive discourse, at the close of the meeting, urged them "not to fly off in a tangent," but remain in the Society—that although they could not accomplish much, it was the duty of all to make "concessions." His position amounted to this: that although you belong to an organization of Slaveholders, Drunkards, Murderers, and all manner of evil doers, you must make "concessions," you must "not fly off in a tangent," but remain in membership with them, because it is possible yet to reform them. He drew their attention to the fact, that some years ago the Society of Friends held slaves, and were in the practice of using spirituous liquors; but now these practices were erased from the Society, and argued from this that the Society may yet be brought up to the true anti-slavery standard. As lame as this view of the subject must certainly have appeared to those who were not previously wedded to religious organizations, it had its intended effect. Some of the Anti-Slavery Friends who had begun to look upon comeoutism as the only alternative, were induced by this appeal once more to hug their chains, and coldly thrown upon comeoutism as an infidel vagary, and the most rigid sectarians amongst them chuckled over it as a triumph of their cause. Thus has this Society, which exhibited strong symptoms of crumbling into its original elements, been resuscitated, and enabled to drag along its slow, lifeless form yet a few years longer.

Dr. Schooley is certainly right in supposing that the Society's existence depends upon "concessions." If each individual acts out his own convictions, in opposition to the will of the body, the Society is virtually annihilated. Nor will any comeouters deny, that we may innocently meet with the worst of men, for the sake of reforming them. But the great mistake of Dr. Schooley, it seems to me, consists in asking every member to make "concessions" in matters involving important moral principles. Concession, in this case, means for the conceding members to do that which their own best judgment says ought not to be done, and leave undone that which they believe ought to be done—to become the willing, pliant tools of a corporation confessedly wrong.—To do this is no doubt genuine Quakerism. It is foreign to the spirit of reform, it is cold-hearted conservatism, it is loving secret better than truth, old, lifeless forms, better than the living substance.

Some of the members, professedly reformers, say they remain in connection with the body to reform it, and yet will disown a member for marrying "out of the order of Society," an act to which they do not themselves attach the least criminality. It is right for the "body" to disown a member for a confessedly innocent act, but a member may not disown the body, though its members commit the most flagrant crimes that blacken the character of man. These are some of the excellencies of modern Quakerism.

WM. E. LUKENS.

COLERAIN, September, 18, 1847.

FRIENDS EDITORS:—

That faithful friend of humanity, Lucretia Mott, convened a meeting in Mt. Pleasant on Thursday last. Now, although there are no less than six or seven religious synagogues in the place, yet not one of them could be opened to receive her. Even the colored people could not be prevailed upon to open their house, (which is new) because they said if they did, and she should happen to preach against slavery, they could not so easily get it paid for, on account of their white fellow Christians withholding their donations. But the religionists of the place, not content with this, used their efforts to prevent the people from attending, by circulating reports that she was an infidel, an Abby Kellyite, and was travelling without the unity of her Friends at home. Such is Mt. Pleasant—a town which, if you were to judge from the number of its churches and religious communicants, you would think one of the most christian places in the world. Yet, notwithstanding all opposition, a few of the most liberal inhabitants of the town and country, met in the yard of the Quaker Yearly Meeting house, and listened to a most able and eloquent discourse from Lucretia. She touched on Women's Rights, Sectarianism, War, Slavery, and Capital Punishment; and I presume there were none who heard her (if they were not too much priest-ridden) who did not go away perfectly satisfied that, so far from advocating any thing like infidelity, she preached true christian doctrine. I fear that this part of the Anti-Slavery field is too much neglected. We need something to stir up the people—to set them to thinking.

The Ohio Yearly Meeting of Friends, (Orthodox division) convened here last week. And although they are such great sticklers for the "quiet," and profess so much "peace and love," yet more disorder and hatred, I think, is seldom manifested than was on that occasion. And though they could quarrel for nearly a week about whether Joseph John Gurney disseminated "unsound doctrines," yet they would not deign to utter a single syllable against the unsound principle that keeps three millions of their fellow countrymen in the most cruel bondage.

If you think this worth an insertion in your excellent paper, give it one and oblige, Yours, for the overthrow of pro-slavery churches,

JOHN W. NEWPORT.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, OCTOBER 1, 1847.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chestnut sts.

Anti-Slavery Meetings.

S. S. FOSTER, L. O. HATCH, J. W. WALKER, and J. R. BOWLES, will attend the following Anti-Slavery Conventions:

Fitchville, Haron co., October 5th & 6th.
Savannah, Ashland co., " 7th & 8th.
Ashland, " 9th & 10th.
All these meetings will commence at 10 A. M.

SAML. BROOKE,

Gen. Agent.

"Learn to Labor and to Wait."

There are some who have engaged in the anti-slavery reform under the influence of a temporary excitement, without having any definite idea of the labor they would be expected to perform, or the discouragement that awaited them. Such have done well for a time, have been zealous and enthusiastic while the excitement lasted, but soon relapsed into their former indifference and apathy. These are not the kind of material of which Reformers are made. They have no inclination to learn the two great lessons which every true man must learn; to labor with zeal, with perseverance, with steadfastness; and to wait in faith, in hope, in patience.

No reform ever has been or ever can be accomplished without labor; and the labor must be commensurate with the extent and power of the evil to be eradicated. Slavery cannot be overthrown by holiday efforts. A system which has struck its roots so deep into all the institutions of society cannot be destroyed by child's play. He who wars with effect against it, must needs be a strong man—strong in the omnipotence of truth, strong in a determined purpose. It requires patient, unceasing labor to re-form the public sentiment, to re-create the moral sense of community; and this must be done before slavery will cease to exist. He who hopes to accomplish this by a spasmodic effort, knows but little of the nature and philosophy of reform, or of the character of the evil he wishes to destroy; and those who are not prepared to learn to labor, and to continue with patient, unceasing toil, had better not enter the anti-slavery field. The true, the effective abolitionist has no light task before him. He has formidable obstacles to contend with and difficulties to encounter, but the selfish little dream of. He must expect to be reviled and persecuted, yet must toil on, even doing for the heartless mockers the neglected labor God assigned them to do. The true abolitionist is emphatically a working-man. He knows that without his efforts the cause he loves will suffer, and he has learned to labor, has learned to be constant in season and out of season, has learned to overcome discouragements, and to labor with others to induce them to labor. Wherever work is to be done, he is there ready, cheerfully, to give his services. It is such as these who are to redeem the land, who are to remove slavery from our midst; these, who give evidence of their faith by their work, who scatter broadcast "the seed of wheat of humanity," not impatient for the harvest, but waiting in confidence and hope for the germination of the seed, the growth of the blade, and the ripening of the ear.

He who hath appointed seed-time, hath likewise appointed the season for harvest, and they who despond because their labor does not produce immediate returns, who have not yet learned to wait, until the cause, by the unchangeable laws of nature, has produced the effect, would seem to have but little faith in the vitality of truth, and its power to expand and to grow. That husbandman is no philosopher, who, when he scatters his seed in the Autumn, is unwilling to wait for the succeeding Summer to bring a harvest, or who desponds because Winter covers with snow the field he has planted.—As in the natural, so in the moral world.—The Reformer must sow in faith, knowing that sooner or later the harvest will come; and though he may not live to see the whitened field, yet his labors shall be blest to others. The poet who said,

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait,"

understood the true spirit of reform, and the means by which God is to be established, and Evil overthrown.

Getting Better.

The last accounts we received from Garrison, state that he is much better. We understand his fever has left him, and trust that in a short time his strength will be sufficiently restored to enable him to return to his family and home.

Since writing the above, and just as our paper was going to press, we received further intelligence from our friend, who may now be considered convalescent.

Indiana State A. S. Society.

A portion of the members of this Society—and no inconsiderable number we should judge—must be abolitionists somewhat after the Macedon Lock pattern, though we confess we are unable to determine whether they embrace the whole nineteen points of Goodellism, or of how many articles their creed consists. At the anniversary meeting of the Society last year, a resolution was adopted in favor of the Bible, which would have been very proper in a Bible Society, but rather extraneous matter for abolitionists to take hold of in an anti-slavery organization.—Since then, one of its auxiliaries came out against war, not simply the war waged with Mexico for the extension of slavery, but against all war. Very proper business this in a Peace Society, but not exactly the business for an anti-slavery meeting.

At the last meeting of the Society, it resolved itself into a political convention on the subject of the National Liberty party Convention, by recommendation of its Business Committee. This movement appears very absurd for a society composed partly of women who are regarded as political nonentities; and we wonder that the three women who were on the Business Committee, could consent to make such a proposition. Women resolving themselves into members of a political convention! as well might the slaves attempt it, for their right so to do is as fully recognized by the self-appointed law makers of this land.

In the proceedings of the political convention into which the Society resolved itself, we do not see the names of any women among the officers, nor a single one among the fifteen delegates it appointed to attend the Buffalo Convention, nor any recognition of their existence or labors. On the contrary, this political convention into which the women of the Indiana State Anti-Slavery Society converted that body, declared it could "see but one way peaceably to overthrow slavery, and that way is through the instrumentality of the ballot box," thus disparaging the efforts of those women who have aided in the creation of a public sentiment which enabled it to stand where it did. Strange that these women cling so tenaciously to the skirts of their lordly masters who refuse to recognize their capability "peacefully to overthrow slavery" inasmuch as they cannot do it "through the instrumentality of the ballot box." They will perhaps find out after a while that there is a field of moral suasion in which they can labor as recognized equals, where Truth is regarded as more mighty than a paper ballot, and the power of God superior to Legislative enactments.

Among the forms of petition adopted by the State Society, was the following to the Indiana Legislature.

"We the undersigned, citizens of the State of Indiana, do respectfully pray your honorable body, to pass a law making it a penal offence, to aid, abet or assist in the arrest or detention of any human being, on the ground that he or she is a fugitive slave."

"Also to pass a law, securing a trial by jury to all persons arrested in this State as fugitive slaves."

One might reasonably infer that those who adopted the above, had never read the U. S. Constitution which empowers the master or his agent to arrest any one who owes him service or labor according to the law of the State from which he has absconded; had never heard of the decision of the Supreme Court in the Prigg case, in which it was declared that "the provision of the Constitution relative to fugitive slaves executes itself, so far as to authorize the slaveholder or his agent to seize his slave as property in any State of the Union; and no State law is constitutional which interferes with such right;" or else, that they have become so Spoonerized as to put Darkness for Light and mistake Error for Truth.

Mobbing in Ohio.

M. R. Hull, editor of the Clarion of Freedom, of Cambridge, Belmont co., has been living under the assaults of mob violence for some time past. It would appear that he spoke too plainly of the practices of certain dignitaries in Church and State of that place, and called the town the Vicksburg of Ohio. The townspeople—or some of them—to prove their love for law and order, and to convince the world beyond doubt that they—good, honest souls—were pious, peaceable men, mobbed his house and office seventeen times!—the authorities making no effort to prevent it. Not only was his life endangered by the ruffians, but those of his wife and little ones, who have been forced to flee from a spot where gentlemen mob women and children. We were not aware there was a place in Ohio quite so mean as Cambridge has proved itself to be, and it needs give some other evidence than this that it was not aptly denominated the Vicksburg of Ohio. Strange that such outrages should be tolerated in a civilized community! and yet not so strange either, when we remember that the church counts men-stealers as among God's elect, recognizes epauleted murderers as the disciples of Christ, and gives drunkards a false title-deed to heirship in the kingdom of Heaven, and that it was for exposing the sins of this trinity of evil-doers that this mob was ordained.

Constitutions can't guarantee freedom of speech and of the press. They may say they will guarantee it, but it can only be guaranteed by the people; it has no protection but

in a correct public sentiment which it inspires. Vicksburg, Miss., and Cambridge, Ohio, are destitute of. If the people want mob-law, they will have it, Constitution or no Constitution; if they want free speech, they will have that, Constitution or no Constitution. We have the theory of free speech in this country, plenty of it, but when it comes to be reduced to practice it is very much like the freedom of a certain witness who was told he might think and speak what he pleased, provided he thought as the court did.

We are glad to find that our friend keeps a bold heart within him; and that as his mobbing multiplies, his subscription list increases. We once heard an estimate made of how many subscribers a mobbing was worth to an editor, but have forgotten the number—perhaps friend Hull can tell.

"Rough and Ready."

The publishers of a paper bearing the above name, and which advocates the elevation of Gen. Taylor to the Presidential chair, have sent us a copy of their journal, with a request that we aid them in extending its circulation. If we were members of the U. S. Government, the request would not be out of place, for Gen. Taylor is well qualified to represent it as its Chief Magistrate. If this were a Christian government, there would be a propriety in having Christian rulers, but seeing that it is otherwise, we could not wish the people to be guilty of so great an inconsistency as electing men who fear God to administer a government that defies Him.

The U. S. government is based on the power of the sword. It claims the right to make war; to shoot, stab, cut, and kill its enemies, whether foreign or domestic, whether slaves or freemen; to demolish cities, to blow up forts, and to ravage provinces. And that man who is the most dexterous in doing these things, whose skill and determination have marked him as chief murderer, is above all others, the man to represent the nation in the Presidential chair.

It is proper too, that a government which owes so much to slavery and to which slavery owes so much, should be represented by a man-stealer as well as a man-killer. None but a plantation tyrant, or the tool of a plantation tyrant could have it in his heart to watch the three millions of slaves that crouch upon our soil, to repress every outbreak of freedom and crush every aspiration for liberty. We challenge the world to point to any man who is better qualified for this work than Gen. Taylor. Being himself a slaveholder, his love for the system may not be questioned; and he who doubts his will to act, need but refer to the history of the Florida slave-hunt, where Gen. Taylor and his imported blood-hounds were alike devoted, energetic and sanguinary.

If the members of this man-killing, slaveholding government would be consistent, let them choose for their ruler the great man-killer and man-stealer Gen. Taylor; but as we refuse to take any part or lot with them, we will cast our influence against them, and against the foul spirit that would do him homage.

Disunion Ballots.

As will be seen in another column, S. S. Foster proposes to consider, in a meeting called for that purpose, the propriety of nominating candidates for the ballots of the Disunionists. Our friend attaches much importance to this plan. The sincerity of his purpose no one will doubt—none who are fully acquainted with his character will ever question his sterling integrity, and untiring devotion to the cause of human rights. He may be right in this matter, yet we can but feel that it is altogether wrong. If voting at the ballot box involved no violation of Disunion principles, (and we think it does) as a question of expediency, we should give it our unqualified disapprobation. Still, let the proposition be duly considered, that its merits or demerits may be fully brought to view.—We hope there will be a large number in attendance, and trust that there will be also successful opposition to the measure. On our first page will be found a speech of Edmund Quincy's on this subject, made at a meeting of the Massachusetts Society last winter.

LUCRETIA MOTT.—It will be seen by a letter from a correspondent in the Southern part of the State, that this preacher of practical righteousness was unable to gain admission into any meeting house in Mt. Pleasant.—Even the colored people shut her out, fearing that she might speak against slavery, and thus interfere with the begging operation by which they expected to raise money to pay for their house. We are sorry they felt compelled to do as their masters would have them; but in this they resemble the white slaves of sect and priest, and by their pro-slavery position and subservience to the slave power give undoubted evidence of their close relationship to those whose example they follow.

Mt. Pleasant, if we mistake not, is a very religious place, and no doubt a very pleasant one to the venerable Father Cloot, whom its inhabitants so dearly love.

It is rumored that Parades is at the head of a Mexican army, and has declared against Santa Anna and Peace. If this be true, as is probably is, a treaty with Santa Anna will be far from the concluding act in Polk's Drama of "Conquering a Peace."

To Correspondents.

P. R. The letter containing his name was laid aside by mistake—it is now entered on our books.

J. E. P. The missing article is recovered—she can obtain it by calling here.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?—Dr. Delany, editor of the *Pittsburg Mystery*, who recently adopted, if we mistake not, Disunion ground, is advertised as an invited speaker at a Liberty party convention soon to be held in Western Pennsylvania. Does the Dr. go for Disunion or Liberty party, or a little of both?

Q.—A prospectus for a new Phonographic paper will be found in another column.

Virginia.

The *Richmond Republican* speaks of the condition of this State in the following manner:—

"Neglect and decay seem to have laid their hands upon the commerce, the enterprise, and the education of this old Commonwealth. Its noble harbors, with here and there a straggling sail, look like huge 'barnacles, deserted.' Its beautiful rivers are impeded and their value impaired by obstructions, which the least exertion of enterprise would remove. Its boundless water-power, sufficient to propel more manufactures than old England can boast, waste themselves in the sea. Its principal work of improvement, the J. R. Canal, crawls onward with snail-like pace, and when it draws near the Blue Ridge, pauses for years, as if the shadow of the mountains had chilled it to the centre. Its Legislative chambers, long and anxiously sought, seem to be, when granted, objects of distrust. Fortune presents her flowery favors, but we hesitate to grasp them with a strong hand, lest they conceal some unobserved thorn. Our principal cities remain almost stationary, while many of our villages have the dilapidated, ancient look of towns 'gone to seed.' And, amid all this, ignorance prevails to an unprecedented extent, some eighty thousand of our people not being able to read the title deeds of their salvation and their freedom, if they were put to their hands."

And of the remedy, it says:—
"What Virginian can think of these things without resolving to put forth every power of body and mind for the regeneration of a Commonwealth with which Ohio can bear no comparison in the extent and variety of her natural advantages? There is an abundance of wealth on the soil—there is a superabundance of energy in the Virginia character, if it be only rightly directed, to make this Commonwealth, what the God of Nature designed her, the greatest, wealthiest, and most powerful member of the American Confederacy. If her people could only have a breathing spell from party politics for eight years—If, during that time, they would permit the resolutions of '93-'99 to take a profound nap, and instead of discussing abstractions, dig ditches, lay down iron rails, and build school houses, we should have a State worthy the name, the bright traditions, and the illustrious destiny of the OLD DOMINION."

The remedy don't look deep enough.—Virginians will not "dig ditches, lay down iron rails, and build school houses" while slavery is present to curse their every effort. It is not so much Virginia abstractions or party politics that have made the Old Dominion what it is, as Virginia branding irons, Virginia slave whips, Virginia drivers and Virginia man-stealing. If her people wish to be great, let them first become just and honest.

Trumbull Democracy.

A Convention of the *Simon Pure* Democracy of Trumbull co. recently held at Warren adopted the following resolutions.

Whereas, Our country engaged in the prosecution of a just, righteous and victorious war against a foreign foe, agitated and crippled at home by a treacherous opposition and factious spirit of dissolution, calls upon every lover of national weal to stand forth and fearlessly vindicate those immutable principles upon which a firm reliance in times past by, has given us the ascendancy among the nations of the earth. Therefore,

Resolved, That our war with Mexico was aggressive on her part, forced on us by her robbery, imprisonment and murder of our citizens, the plunder of our commerce, the violation of treaties, and the most solemn compacts, and the invasion of our territory, which made an appeal to arms the last resort to appease a nation's honor and interpose the broadegis of a constitutional security to our people.

Resolved, That while we deprecate the existence of hostile relations with our sister republic, every sentiment of justice and patriotism alike imperatively demands a most vigorous prosecution of the war to an early and honorable peace.

Resolved, That our Chief Magistrate has pursued a judicious, consistent, and patriotic course, which merits our full approbation in his conduct of our Mexican difficulties, and that we have firm confidence in his wisdom and ability to consummate the glory of our arms by an honorable peace.

If those who voted for the above were honest in the expression of their opinions, they must have nearly equalled in intelligence the Democrat, who in '44 declared he would go for Polk, Dallas, Texas and Oregon, as he considered them four of the smartest men in the United States.

Infidel Papers.

We have received several copies of the *Boston Investigator*, (which announces itself as an 'infidel paper'), with a request to exchange. Our exchange list is already so large, that we are compelled, for economy's sake, to refuse many invitations of the kind, and we must respectfully decline this. Yet we like the frankness with which the Investigator avows its principles, and acknowledges the ability with which it defends them.—Still we think the publication unnecessary, and regard the expenditure which it involves as absolutely thrown away. Were we ourselves an infidel, we should counsel its discon-

tinuance. If its object is to bring Christianity into contempt, we humbly submit that such papers as the *New York Observer*, its Philadelphia namesake, the *Southern Religious Herald*, the *Christian Index*, the *Boston Olive Branch*, and other similar journals, are doing this more rapidly and effectually than a hundred avowed infidel periodicals could do. Against the latter, men are on their guard, and they are seldom admitted into religious families. But the former have free access to all, and week after week instill their subtle poison into a thousand youthful minds, distorting and dwarfing them with their monstrous inculcations, till they can scarcely think of God except as a slaveholder, armed with whips, bowie knives and pistols—and man as necessarily a tyrant or a slave, as the accident of birth, power or fortune may determine. And what these papers fail to accomplish in their atheistical work, their allies, slaveholding professors of religion, war-justifying priests, and the 'least of two evils' theologians, stand ready to perform. Why publish infidel tracts and papers, when the ministers of a popular religion wrap its broad mantle around War, Slavery, Polygamy and all kindred abominations, vindicate devil-worship for at least one day in the year, and enthroned

—Circumstance, that unspiritual god And miscreator—

in the place of the living Jehovah! Surely the man who retains his faith in Christianity, after reading such papers and hearing such teachers as we have named, is not very likely to be affected by any thing that the Investigator can say. Why, then, should not the publishers of the latter devote their types to some different if not better purpose? The war-justifying and slavery-defending religionists of the day are doing all that can be done to destroy man's faith in God and his reverence for humanity. Atheism needs no more potent allies. The decay of Christianity must necessarily result from the prevalence of their influence.—*Chronotype*.

Sickening Horrors.

The Mexican news which we give in another place is most woful. A long list of cultivated, civilized, perhaps pious, and certainly intelligent men, officers in our army, have been killed and cut to pieces—slaughtered and mutilated, for no purpose worth the sacrifice of a night's sleep. The mass of common men—soldiers and humble-hearted fathers, brothers, husbands, mixed with some unscrupulous reprobates, doubtless, who have been at the same time mauled, battered and torn to pieces, and thrown like so many dead dogs to the Mexican Turkey Buzzards, is almost beyond the power of imagination to compute. The beautiful brigade of citizen soldiers who yesterday displayed their pretty feathers on our Common, were but a handful to the men killed on our side in these two battles. Yet if the whole of this brigade of ours had marched up to a patent gasoline under the big elm and had their heads chopped off, Boston would not have forgotten it for a century, and even our most unscrupulous citizens would have been shocked as they saw the dead carcasses piled up into a huge island in the middle of the Frog Pond. Now, we take it all very calmly. Ten thousand briny rills will flow down the cheeks of the widows and orphans that are by this horrid butchery delivered over to despair, but we are a glorious and great country, and the world learns by this that we can fight—as what nation cannot?

Call it a victory! We confess it looks to us more as though the next news we should hear would be that the Mexicans having recovered breath had come down upon Scott's army weltering in its blood and overwhelmed it. We cannot see why, if the Mexicans were so completely routed, having appeared in greater force than was expected and made such fearful havoc of our men, Scott did not push on into the capital and take advantage of their panic. Either they were not completely routed, or Scott was not able to follow. The idea that the British embassy intervened to secure so favorable terms to the routed Mexicans is ridiculously absurd.—Manifestly the same reason induced General Scott to yield as easy an armistice, which governed Gen. Taylor at Monterey. But there is this difference, Gen. Taylor had actually captured all the strongholds of Monterey, while Gen. Scott had not set a foot into Mexico. If he was to enter Mexico, then was his time, when the Mexican Army was in flight. Mexico will not become less panic-stricken nor less fortified by delay, nor will Gen. Scott under the remarkable terms of the armistice become stronger.

Will a peace be advantageously negotiated on the basis of an armistice? We cannot see how. Will Mexico yield when she knows, or at any rate believes, that Scott has not the power to advance? Surely, it will not be wonderful to hear that the man who claimed his defeat at Buena Vista as a victory, has glorified himself at this "repulse" of Gen. Scott.

But suppose our arms completely victorious. What have we gained to pay for the blood? All Mexico could not do it. But no part of Mexico can be ours, after all this expenditure of blood—till we pay for it. Our piety will not allow it. We cannot rob the conquered as the Romans did. What we should be able to draw from the government of Mexico into our Treasury, will not pay its outgoes, to say nothing of the blood.—*Chronotype*.

Yellow Fever at New Orleans.

As truthful chroniclers, however painful the task imposed, it is proper that we should give as truthful a picture as possible of the scourge which, at present, like the besom of destruction, is sweeping from amongst us to the recesses of their last cold resting place the high and the low, the old residents and the stranger, those struggling with indigence and those revelling in luxury—the daily laborer and the gentleman of ease—the prudent, the abstemious, and the dissipated—the pious and the reckless—the pure and the defiled—the young and aged—the homely and the beautiful! All, without distinction of class, are falling beneath the attack, or feeling the influence of the invisible enemy now hovering with vampire-like wings in our midst, and poisoning the air which we inhale.

Acquaintances are sinking around us whom we have known for years, and who thought themselves proof against the fatality of the attack. We shake hands, as it were, to day with some one with whom we are intimate—the sun sinks and rises again—and he is rolling in agony on his sick-bed, and in a few hours more carried off to his eternal home.—The dark emblem of death meets our eyes in

our morning walks; the closed door and the shrouded knocker tell that death is within, and that there is mourning now where yesterday was business and excitement.

The press has been particularly distressed in the manner in which it has been crippled in force by the depredations of disease. The *Times* has been peculiarly unfortunate, likewise the *Age* and the *Bulletin*; in the former two deaths have occurred; connected with our office news have felt the hand of the unseen and terrible destroyer, and several are still suffering.

It will be observed that among those of foreign birth the epidemic has been most destructive; and among the Irish and German residents the deaths have been thickest; of this class of our population, forty-four are recorded as having been interred in the cemeteries yesterday, and in the month which has just passed nearly six hundred deaths are registered, and doubtless many more unknown. Dreadful fatality! Where is the end of all this dire and melancholy destructiveness? And who, pointing now to that expected end, will live unscathed?

Our weather is very changeable, which serves to augment the ravages of the epidemic. The morning dawns with cool and delightful southern breezes; as the sun approaches the meridian the heat becomes excessive; clouds then gather above us, the wind changes to the north-west, and cold showers drench our streets, which are soon followed by a sun warmer than in the forenoon; and then the night, with its damp and chilly airs; such has been the aspect of our weather. With like climate, we cannot expect, though we may hope, a falling off in the number and violence of epidemic cases. Such has been August.

September has just set in. It is a month which has hitherto, during the prevalence of disease, been particularly fatal. At its advent, already more than the general average of deaths have been recorded. It would cheer many a heart to see its last fading rays, which herald the approach of that mantle of white which is the prestige of health and vigor. But in the melancholy hours of a time like this, we must bring philosophy, with its calm resignation, to our aid—viewing destruction with serenity and equanimity of mind—the best antidotes—go on in fearlessness with our daily avocations, resolving to do our duty to our stricken friends, and to ourselves—looking at the present dark and portentous frown as but one of those clouds in the passage of life which we are destined to behold, and perhaps fall, amidst the mournful harpings of that followers, and sweeps over our fair cities and happy homes.—*New Orleans National*, Sept. 3.

Q.—The following chapter of history is from the New York correspondent of the *National Intelligencer*.

A Little More History.

Who killed cock-robin?
I, said the sparrow, with my bow and arrow?
'Twas I killed cock-robin.

The uncertainty of history seems to be as well entitled to become proverbial as "the uncertainty of law." For one point clearly established by history, and beyond dispute, we may generally find two that are left in doubt and uncertainty. While the effort of the robin seems to be settled, point, testified to, as seen by the "jay" while he sat on the spray, it is feared the world may never arrive at unquestionable answers to the vexed questions, who killed Tennessee, and who caused the annexation of Texas?

The latter question has doubtless had a good deal of light thrown upon it by the recently published letters of the Ex-Presidents TYLER and HOUSTON, but their rays cross each other at so many bright and sharp angles, that they serve rather to bewilder the sight than to give any clear view of the object. This is to be regretted, for if the annexation of Texas to the great men of America, "unmade and made the great men of America," it is necessarily a question of considerable historical interest.

President TYLER's version of the affair is, that he did it. He is willing to allow to General JACKSON (as well as "other auxiliaries who deserve to be noticed in connection with the matter," a good deal of praise for giving "to the action of the Executive his zealous and cordial support," but at the same time he declares that he "took the initiative without any previous consultation with that distinguished man." And, though he does not inform us how it happened that in "the early part of the Administration" the proposition of Texas for annexation was so coldly repelled as to induce her agent to withdraw it, "with the declaration that Texas would never renew it," yet the lion-power of the Executive was roused at last by startling intelligence from London that left him "no room to doubt but that the eyes of foreign Powers were strained in that direction," and then he bade his Secretary at once "to break up and scatter to the winds the web of their intrigues by a direct proposal for annexation." He intended the grand leap should have been so secret and so sudden as to take land speculators and crowned heads equally by surprise. And, though the affair was delayed a little by providential circumstances, he at last brought it to a successful issue.

President HOUSTON's version of the business is, that he and General JACKSON did it—he by playing possum, and Gen. JACKSON by his popularity and personal influence.—Finding the offers of Texas to come into the Union were treated with coldness and neglect, President HOUSTON says common sense suggested to him "the only feasible plan to attain the desired object; and that was, to excite jealousy and alarm on the part of the politicians and people of the United States in relation to the future commercial and political connection of Texas with European nations." In the course of these events, circumstances occurred in England, which have not been at all explained either by him or President TYLER, that materially aided his plan, and enabled him to excite the desired alarm. And, while these causes were in full operation, to cap the climax, he directed his Minister "to make known to the Government of the United States that the proposition for annexation was no longer open to discussion."

The trout or the pickerel will never jump so quick or bite so sharp as when they see the bait rapidly receding from them; and the skilful angling on the part of the President of Texas, according to his own showing, has been made sufficiently manifest by the vigorous jump with which the Executive of the United States seized the bait.

But the circumstances in England and the "startling intelligence" which roused Mr.

TYLER, not having been at all explained, it may perhaps be interesting to the general reader, as well as the politician, to have a brief page from an earlier chapter of the history.

In the year 1839 a young lawyer by the name of S. P. ANDREWS, who had pursued his profession for two or three years in New Orleans, removed to the city of Houston, in Texas, where he soon rose to high standing and influence at the Texas bar. The affairs of Texas at this time began to decline, and continued to deteriorate till 1848, when they reached the extreme point of trouble and embarrassment. The decline in the price of cotton was unprecedented. It went down from New Orleans to about six cents a pound, leaving it worth in some parts of the interior of Texas but four and a half cents. Lands sunk rapidly in value, and planters and people were discouraged and almost in despair. Many were preparing to leave the country and abandon it altogether.

At this crisis, Mr. ANDREWS proposed an expedient to bring back life and prosperity to the country. He told the people to abolish slavery, and their lands would rapidly rise in value. Emigrants from all Europe would flock to Texas. Thousands from the Northern United States would migrate to Texas, and thousands of the non-slaveholding people in the Southern States would also come in, glad of the opportunity to enjoy a Southern climate and yet be free from slavery.—Texas would fill up with great rapidity, and the lands would command a high price.—The planters owned immense tracts of land, and comparatively but few slaves. A slight rise in the price of the land would more than pay for all the slaves. The reasoning was clear and conclusive from all Europe would flock to Texas. 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POETRY.

For the Bugle.

Thinking and Working.

Let those who will, say labor is not food
For thought; to me it seemeth otherwise.
One may be mowed within the studio
And, seated at the desk with grasped pen
And the white sheet outspread, hope to receive
The thought-tracks, freely, from the finger ends:
But no! the thoughts are gone, nor will they
Come
Back at our bidding; if a glimpse appear,
'Tis gone with lightning speed. With nervous hand
The pate is scratched—the forehead rubbed,
In hope
To rouse, as if from sleep, a bright idea.
'Tis vain; and there the stainless paper lies,
As if in mockery of the racking brain.

But while the willing hand plies at some task
Of useful industry, when hand and heart
Unite for a good purpose, and together
Pursue their steady course, 'tis then that thoughts
Come forth—come willingly up, as from the head
Of the clear fountain, filling up the mind—
Aye, the whole being—with an energy—
A thankfulness which, of itself, is happiness:
Then seize the pen, and freely thoughts will
Flow
From off its point, with elegance and ease;
Then heart may speak to heart. Is it not so!

Labor is noble. Mind cannot without
Its aid—nor can the body—be perfected.
Let labor then, and thought, go hand in hand,
And thus, pull down the aristocracy
Of idleness and wealth, which curses the earth
In every clime, wherever it has found
A foothold, upon which to stand.

J. E. P.
For the Bugle.

To Frederick Douglass.

Man of the dark, yet noble brow,
Though tyrants proud have placed a ban
Upon thy race—I feel that thou
Art both a brother and a man!
Yea, brother, man, to me 'tis thought
That nature made thy brow less fair
Than mine; since eloquence and thought
Have left their noble impress there.
Hath not the Great Creator said,
In that blest book above all others,
That of one blood all men are made—
That all mankind should live as brothers!
Then fear not the frown of pride,
But labor! labor with thy might,
With Truth and Justice on thy side,
Press onward in the moral fight,
'Till the slaves' fetters all are riven,
'Till all mankind shall freedom share,
And Ethiopia unto Heaven
Shall stretch her hands with praise and prayer.
C. L. M.
Brecksville, 1847.

Home and Friends.

Oh, there's a power to make each hour
As sweet as Heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there are that find it!
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what nature found us;
For life hath here no charms so dear,
As Home and Friends around us.
We oft destroy the present joy
For future hopes—and praise them;
While flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,
If we'd but stoop to raise them!
For things afar still sweeter are,
When youth's bright spell hath bound us,
But soon we're taught that earth hath nought
Like Home and Friends around us.
The Friends that speed in time of need,
When Home's last note is shaken,
To show us still, let come what will,
We are not quite forsaken!
Though all were night—if but the light
From Friendship's altar crown'd us,
'Twould prove the bliss of earth was this—
Our Home and Friends around us.

WATSON.—General D., who was more distinguished for gallantry in the field than for the care he lavished upon personal cleanliness, complaining upon a certain occasion to the late Chief Justice Bush, of the sufferings he endured from rheumatism, that learned and humorous judge undertook to prescribe a remedy.
"You must desire your servant," he said to the general, "to place every morning by your bedside a tub three parts filled with warm water. You will then get into the tub, and having previously provided yourself with a pound of yellow soap, you must rub your whole body with it, immersing yourself occasionally in the water, and at the end of a quarter of an hour the process concludes by wiping yourself dry with towels, and scrubbing your person with a flesh brush."
"Why," said the General, after a few minutes reflection upon what he had just heard, "this seems to me to be neither more nor less than washing yourself!"
"Well," rejoined the judge, "it is open to that objection."

AN IRISH COMPLIMENT.—A lovely girl was bending her head over a rose-tree which a lady was purchasing from an Irish basket-woman in Covent garden market, when the woman, looking kindly at the young beauty, said, "I axes yer pardon, young lady, but if it's pleasing to ye, I'd thank you to keep yer check away from that rose: ye'll put the lady out of count with the color of her flower."

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Columbian Magazine.

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Two young storekeepers, whose capital in trade was rather small, and who daily saw excellent opportunities for making money pass unimproved for want of the means to embrace them, sat conversing about their future prospects. Their names were Felix Granger and Ellis Day.
"If I could only raise five or six thousand dollars somewhere," remarked the former, "I could double it in two years."
"So could I easily," returned Day. "But that amount of money is not to be picked up readily. One thing, I am making a good living and slowly improving my condition, and I suppose I ought to be contented. In the end if all goes on as it has begun, I shall accumulate, I hope, enough to live upon."
"It's too slow work for me. I feel like a man trying to run with clogs upon his feet. The fact is, I must have more capital from somewhere. I'll tell you what I've more than half made up my mind to do."

"What?"
"Buy a ticket in the lottery and try my luck. Prizes are drawn every day and why may not I meet with some good fortune?"
Day shook his head.
"What's your objection?" asked Granger.

"I don't believe any good ever came of meddling with lotteries."
"What?"
"In the first place the chances are all against drawing a prize. Not more than one in a hundred is successful, and yet the ninety-nine who draw blanks are just as full of hope for the prize as he who draws it; and are just as much diverted from right business thoughts during the time that elapses between the purchase of the ticket and the drawing of the lottery. The loss of the drawer of the blank is not alone the loss of his money. He loses in his business, often seriously, from the diversion of thought that must accompany the suspense he is doomed for a time to feel. Instead of applying himself diligently to the doing of what his hands find to do in his daily employments, he is thinking about the use he will make of his money if he should be so fortunate as to draw a prize. And in the second place if he should succeed in getting a lucky number, which is almost certain to lose all he has gained, and more beside, in trying for another and a higher prize."

"Trust me for that," returned Granger. "Let me once get my fingers upon five, ten, or twenty thousand dollars, and you won't find me meddling with lottery tickets."
"I wouldn't trust any man," said Day.
"Not even yourself?"
"Wouldn't you buy a ticket if you knew you would draw a prize?"
"As that is supposing what cannot be, I will answer neither in the affirmative nor negative. But my own impression is, that money obtained by means of lotteries never does any good."

"Why not?"
"For this reason: Money is a standard of value, and passes in society as a representative of some kind of property, which is a thing in itself useful to mankind—as houses, lands, produce, manufactures, etc. When we receive money in business, it represents a benefit we have conferred upon another. But when money comes through a lottery, it does not correspond to any benefit conferred, but is actually the correspondent of injury done to others; for hundreds have lost that one might gain. If a man in business accumulates ten thousand dollars, that sum has been received from perhaps more than a thousand different sources in return for wants supplied; but, if a man draws ten thousand dollars in a lottery, he has received from a large number of persons their one, two, or ten dollars without making them any return. Nothing has been produced; no want supplied. Society has been in no way benefited, but actually injured. The whole proceeding, from beginning to end, has been disorderly and detrimental. And I cannot but believe that the money so obtained will prove more a curse to any one than a blessing, and this because I hold that all evils in society react with pain against those who practice them."

"Give me ten thousand dollars and I will run all such risks," said Granger. "Somebody will get the prize, and I might just as well have it as any one. Come! Join me in a ticket. I have been looking over a first rate scheme, which is to be drawn day after to-morrow."

But Day shook his head and said "No," firmly.
"Well, if you won't, I will try my luck alone. The tickets are only five dollars."
That day Granger bought a ticket. A dozen times before the drawing of the lottery did he call in to see his friend Day, and as often did he mention what was uppermost in his mind—the prize he hoped to draw.

"If I get ten thousand dollars, I will lend you two or three thousand to give you a start," he said on the day before the drawing was to take place. This was spoken in apparent jest, but he really felt in earnest.

Day could not help smiling.
"You may laugh," returned the other, "but when you see me with ten or fifteen thousand dollars in hand you will not think me quite the fool you now do."

"If you should be so lucky, I prophesy that you ten or twenty thousand dollars will do you no good in the end. That in ten or twenty years you will be no better, but worse off in consequence of your prize."
"I'll risk it."

"No doubt you are perfectly willing to do so."
"And so would you be."
"I shall keep out of temptation at least by not buying a ticket," replied Day. "If I could get more capital in my business in a perfectly legitimate way, I should be glad to do so, for then I could make larger and more profitable operations. But as I am not approved mode of obtaining this capital, I must be content to plod on as I am now going. It will all come out right in the end, I doubt not."

"I'll furnish you with more capital in a few days," said Granger laughingly.
"Very well. I'll give you good security and pay you a fair interest," was the laughing reply.
"But what you be afraid of money drawn in a lottery?"

"No not to borrow it. But I would be afraid to draw it."

"Dividing a hair between north and north-west sides. A distinction without a difference."
"To me it is not. I can see a very great difference."

On the next day, late in the afternoon, Felix Granger came hurriedly into the store of Ellis Day. His manner was flurried; he had a look of wild elation.
"Didn't I tell you so?" he exclaimed in a thick voice. "Didn't I say that I would draw a prize?"

"You did," returned Day, calmly.
"And I said true. I've got the twenty-five thousand dollar prize as certain as death."

"Indeed?"
"True as preaching."

"Twenty-five thousand dollars!"
"Aye! Twenty-five thousand dollars!"

Think of that, friend Day!"
And he caught the hand of his friend and almost crushed it in a vice-like grip.

"Ain't I a lucky dog! I always said I was born under a fortunate star, though I confess that I had to wait long before the right aspect came. But all in good time! I've no complaint to make. Twenty-five thousand dollars! Just think of that! Won't I do business now with a rush! Won't I show some of the sleepy ones in the trade a specimen of tall walking! Won't I!"

And for every want of breath the excited young man paused.

"What do you think of lotteries now?" he asked, after he had recovered himself a little.

"Ain't you tempted to try your luck?"

"I think of them as I always did; I believe I shall not try my luck. I might be so unfortunate as to draw a prize."
"Are you crazy, Ellis Day?"
"Perhaps I am. But, seriously, I would rather go on as I am going than draw a prize of twenty thousand dollars. For slow and sure will bring all out right in the end; but with twenty thousand dollars thrown suddenly into my lap, I might, and no doubt would, be tempted to dash ahead at a rate so rapid as to be thrown headlong from my course, and be worse off than I was when I began the world with hope, energy, industry, and five hundred dollars in my pocket."

"And this you predict for me?"
"No. I predict nothing for you. I hope you will be wise and prudent in the use of the large sum of money that has come into your hands."

"Never fear for me. I know what I am about. Twenty-five thousand dollars is not a sum large enough to turn my brain."

It is worthy of remark that Granger said nothing more about lending his friend a few thousand dollars, as he had proposed in anticipation of a smaller prize than the one he had drawn. Not that he had forgotten his promise, voluntarily made, but ways in which he could use the whole amount of his now greatly increased capital immediately presented themselves, and instead of feeling that he had anything to spare, he felt that his operations would still be restricted within limits that it would be desirable to pass.

When the twenty-five thousand dollars were paid to Granger, which was not until some weeks after the drawing of the lottery, he immediately laid out one hundred dollars in tickets in another flattering scheme, intending if he drew anything to keep his promise to Day, which he now regretted having been weak enough to make. He drew about fifty dollars—reinvested that in the same kind of lottery, and gave up lotteries. In this he was wiser than some men. Of course Day did not get the promised assistance in his business.

Twenty-five thousand dollars in cash at once enlarged the credit of Granger from seventy-five thousand to a hundred thousand dollars. All his business operations became greatly extended, and he grew into a man of importance, both in his own eyes and the eyes of others, quite rapidly.

Whenever we begin to think highly of ourselves from any cause, but especially when this increased self-estimation springs from the more increased amount of worldly goods that may happen to be possessed, we are almost sure to fall into error.—The first error committed by Granger was a most grievous one. When he drew the great prize he was under engagement of marriage with the daughter of a widow lady named Riker whose income was small and who was unknown in fashionable society. The mother and daughter lived humbly, and all their time was usefully employed. Emma Riker had received a good education, and was in every way the equal in mental culture of the young man who had sought her hand.

Granger mentioned to Emma the fact that he had purchased a ticket, and talked of what he was going to do in case he drew a prize. When the prize came he hurried off to see her and tell of his good fortune, the news of which she received with calmness, yet evident pleasure.

For a month the young man continued his visits as of old, and felt and acted toward Emma as his affianced bride. After that, the idea of obtaining a rich wife entered his mind. It was just as easy now, it occurred to him, to get a wife with twenty or thirty thousand dollars as without a cent. But then he was under an engagement of marriage. This thought produced an unpleasant sensation. The idea of a rich wife was a seed in the young man's mind, and toward it, selfishness, and a love of money flowed as principles of life, first visualizing the seed and then causing it to grow, sending down its roots in his heart, and putting forth leaves and blossoms that ultimately produced noxious fruit.

The possession of twenty-five thousand dollars, the enlargement of his business, and the reputation of being a young man of great enterprise, enabled Granger to form new acquaintances, and procure him invitations to fashionable parties in a circle where he had never before moved. He mingled with young ladies of high pretensions, and attractions of a more imposing kind than such as were possessed by Emma Riker. Contrasts unfavorable to the latter were constantly taking place in his mind. The final result was a breach of the engagement. This was the first and worst error committed by the young man.

The effect produced upon the mind of Emma was serious. But she concealed as much as possible from the observation of every one what she felt, and, in the reflection that her lover had proved himself unworthy of the earnest and unselfish affection she had borne him, sought to still the painful throbbing of her heart, and banish from her mind the image that had so long filled it with light and happiness. But she had a hard task to perform, and suffered much before it was fully accomplished.

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A year from this time Granger led to the altar the daughter of a rich merchant, named Collins, who had enough pride, extravagance, and love of show to ruin any man willing to be influenced by her. Her father gave her a brilliant wedding party, and a house furnished in the most costly manner. The young couple started in life with some *cash*.

No very long time elapsed after the marriage, before Granger discovered that his wife had few if any domestic qualities; was self-willed, passionate, full of pride, and alarmingly extravagant. Such a thing as consulting her tastes, pleasures, or preferences, never appeared to cross her mind. In spite of the effort he made not to do so, he could not help contrasting these qualities of his wife with the very opposite ones that were possessed in such gentle and unobtrusive yet sweet perfection by Emma Riker.

Not more wisely did the young man act in business. Hence extended all his operations and entered into new ones, employing every dollar of his capital, and using his credit to very nearly its utmost limit. Under this system he found himself, by the end of a year or two, with a weight upon his shoulders that was difficult to be borne. Not understanding this, he boasted of having made ten thousand dollars, during the first year, and twenty thousand in the second year that followed his improved fortunes; and in opening the business of his third year, he sought to extend still farther all his operations.—Through the influence of his father-in-law Granger got into the direction of a bank that was managed by a clique of money jobbers, through which he found no difficulty in passing his father-in-law's note to almost any amount; and Mr. Collins used the paper of his son-in-law quite as freely. Thus their interests and fortunes became inextricably blended.

With such facilities, and the credit of having made a great deal of money and being one of the most enterprising merchants in the city, Granger was able to do a very heavy business; but, from the start, he had over-traded, and was always driven by instead of driving an equally guiding and managing his business.

In the meantime Ellis Day was going on as of old, quietly, carefully and safely. His operations were never very large; but they always yielded a fair profit, and gradually extended every year. He had never been able to get an advance of capital from any one; but this, he was inclined to think was all for the best. More capital might have tempted him to do what was beyond his depth. Some time after Granger's marriage, Day, who had met Emma Riker a year or two previous, was again thrown into her company, and came into nearer association with her than before. The oftener he met her, the more he liked her; and it was not long before an intimacy sprang up between them that ended in marriage. They went to house-keeping in a neat and respectable but not very costly style. Emma made a prudent, loving wife, and grew daily more dear to her husband. Their home was to each the pleasant place on earth. Different, indeed, was the home of Felix Granger. All day he was in the rush, hurry, excitement and anxiety of business; and he came home at night fatigued, and with a weight upon his breast.—But there was no sweet smile there to fall upon him, like a sunbeam; no loving words to make him forget the cares of the day. It was not unfrequently happened that his wife was out, and remained out the whole evening; or she was in an ill-humor about something, and hardly answered him civilly if he spoke to her; or she buried herself from tea time until the hour for going to bed in the pages of a new novel. To her husband she was, at no time, a pleasant companion.

The fact was, Mrs. Granger had no true affection for her husband, and did not put herself out to assume a virtue she did not possess. Indifference, coldness and selfishness were not always the only ills which the husband had to bear. He was often made to feel the worse irritation of direct ill temper that fretted him at times beyond endurance and led to open bickerings; usually brief, but violent when they lasted. Thus the days of their wedded life passed on; and they were often bitter days to both of them.

Five years from the period at which the marriage of Day took place, he removed with his little family into a beautiful but not very costly dwelling, which he had just purchased. His business had increased steadily and safely, for he had applied his mind diligently, from the first, to the attainment of a thorough knowledge of every thing that related in any way to the particular branch of trade in which he was engaged. It was rarely that he made a mistake in purchasing, or bad debts in selling. As his experience became more matured, and his means enlarged, he was able to increase his business operations safely, and to reap all the advantages of such an increase. The capital which he had been so desirous of obtaining, years before, would have been an injury to him, rather than a benefit. This he now clearly saw; for it would have led him into an enlargement of his business, while his experience was yet but small, and might have involved him in difficulties from which extrication would have been almost impossible.

On the very day when he took possession of his new house, for which he had a clear deed, every dollar of the purchase money having been paid without disturbing his business by a withdrawal of capital, both Mr. Collins and his son-in-law stopped payment, the former with obligations for three hundred thousand dollars, and the latter for one hundred and fifty thousand. They had extended their business operations, and stretched their credit, until the foundation upon which they stood became too weak to support them. The father-in-law was older, shrewder, and less scrupulous than Granger. He took care to save something from the wreck; but the latter came out penniless, and with a heavy debt hanging over him. The beautiful house and rich furniture that had been a part of his wife's marriage portion was seized and sold to the highest bidder, and he turned upon the world, with a family of three children, with scarcely a dollar in his pocket.

Instead of sympathy from his wife in the sad disaster that had befallen him, he met with reproaches for not having made over to her and her children the house and furniture she had brought him, and thus reserved a home for his family. To these cruel reproaches, the disappointed, broken-spirited man had nothing to reply. He felt crushed to the earth, and without the strength to lift himself up again. He had fallen from so high a position that he was nearly disabled by the concussion.

Thrown out of business, turned out of home, and with nothing to live upon, he was forced, reluctantly, to accept the constrained offer of his father-in-law to go to his house with his family until he could get something to do.—Naturally independent in his feelings, this was a painful trial, especially as there was no real cordiality in the invitation, and the addition of his family to that of Mr. Collins' was evidently felt as a burden.

Some weeks after this arrangement had been entered upon, and at a time when it was chafing him sorely, Granger called in to see his old friend Day, to solicit from him a vacant clerkship in his store. After their meeting, Day expressed the sincere regret he felt at the disastrous result of his business.—With much bitterness the other replied:

"Yes, disastrous enough; but I do not wonder at it, now that I am a sane man again, Ellis Day! Since the hour I drew that cursed prize in the lottery I have been beside myself. I have not acted, in a single instance, with the wisdom and prudence of a man whose mind was well balanced. I believe you told me that I did not believe you when you told me that money obtained in the way I obtained twenty-five thousand dollars never does any good. You saw how it would be—yes, like a wise man, could foresee the evil, but I, like a fool, passed on and have been punished; and grievous and hard to be borne is that punishment. It is felt by me in the most intimate as well as in the most remote relations of my life. Ah, my friend! Your patience, prudence and willingness to wait for the gently flowing tide that bears us on to fortune have met the just reward."

Like you had I been thus prudent and thus willing to wait, I might now have been safely advancing towards wealth; instead of being penniless, and with spirits broken, energy gone, and the very light of life extinguished!"
Granger was deeply moved.
The situation he asked was promptly given to him. But the salary was only eight hundred dollars a year. This small sum was in no way adequate to the wants of Mrs. Granger. She could spend it herself, twice over, in the year, and because she could not get as much as she wanted from her husband, she complained and fretted almost constantly.

Granger remained with Day only a few months, when his domestic irritations became so great that, in a fit of passion and despair, he left the city, and though some years have passed, he has never since been heard of by his family.

So much for the prize in the lottery! We agree perfectly with Ellis Day, that no good comes from money obtained by this or any other species of gambling, and for the reason already alleged, that it does not correspond to any use in the community; but has actually been obtained from those who have received no equivalent therefor. Other reasons could also be given, but they must readily suggest themselves to the mind of almost every reader.

The Arabian Horse.

A most moving incident, in illustration of the extraordinary strength as well as the attachment of the Arab horses, is given by Lamartine in his beautiful *Travels in the East*:
"An Arab chief, with his tribe, had attacked, in the night, a caravan of Dama's, and plundered it; when loaded with their spoil, however, the robbers were overtaken on their return by some horsemen of the Pacha of Acre, who killed several, and bound the remainder with cords. In this state of bondage they brought one of the prisoners, named Abou el Marek, to Acre, and laid him bound hand and foot, wounded as he was, at the entrance to their tent. As they slept during the night, the Arab, kept awake by the pain of his wounds, heard his horse's neigh at a distance, and being desirous to stroke, for the last time, the companion of his life, he dragged himself, bound as he was, to the horse, which was picketed at a little distance."

"Poor friend," said he, "what will you do among the Turks? You will be shut up under the roof of a khan, with the horses of a pacha or an aga; no longer will the woman and children of the tent bring you barley, camel's milk, or dourra, in the hollow of their hand; no longer will you gallop free as the wind of Egypt in the desert; no longer will you cleave with your bosom the water of the Jordan, which cools your sides, as pure as the foam of your lips. If I am to be a slave at least may you go free. Go—return to our tent which you know so well; tell my wife that Abou el Marek will return no more; but put your head still into the folds of the tent, lick the hands of my beloved children." With these words, as his hands were tied, he untied with his teeth the fetters which held the courser bound, and set him at liberty; but the noble animal, on recovering its freedom, instead of bounding away to the desert, bent its head over its master, and, seeing him in fetters on the ground, took his clothes gently in his teeth, lifted him up and set off at full speed towards home. Without ever resting, he made straight for the distant but well-known tent in the mountains of Arabia. He arrived in safety, and laid his master down at the feet of his wife and children, and immediately dropped down dead with fatigue. The whole tribe mourned him; the poets celebrated his fidelity, and his name is still constantly in the mouths of the Arabs of Jericho."—*Lamartine, Voyage dans L'Orient*, vi. 235, Edin. 1736.

This beautiful anecdote paints the manners and the horses of Arabia better than a thousand volumes. It is unnecessary to say, after it, that the Arabs are, and ever will be, the first horsemen, and have the finest race of horses in the world.

TURNING SCRIPTURE TO GOOD ACCOUNT.—It is said that Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, is strongly opposed to Temperance, and his sideboard and tables are loaded with gin, brandy, wine, &c. A short time since, Rev. Mr. Perkins, of the order of the "Sons," dined with the Bishop, who, pouring out a glass of wine, desired the reverend gentleman to drink with him, whereupon he replied—

"Can't do it, Bishop. 'Wine is a mocker.'"

"Take a glass of brandy, then."

"Can't do it, Bishop. 'strong drink is raging.'"

By this time the Bishop, becoming somewhat restless and excited, remarked to Mr. Perkins,

"You'll pass the decanter to the gentleman next to you."

"No, Bishop, I can't do that: 'we unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor.'"

What was the peculiar mental condition or moral state of the Bishop, at this stage of the proceedings, our informant did not state.

Coverlet & Carpet Weaver.

BEFORE THE PUBLIC AGAIN.

Not for office, but to solicit a continuation of favors heretofore bestowed from his old customers, and as many new ones as will favor him with a trial. As a further inducement I have this spring obtained several new figures for my double coverlet loom, some of which will be put in operation in a few days from this date. Spin the woolen yarn 14 cuts to the pound, and bring 32 cuts after it is double and twisted, and 31 cuts cotton No. 6, two double; color of the woolen, 24 cuts blue and 8 cuts red. I am about putting in operation a loom to weave the same figures on the half double coverlets as is on the double ones, which will bring every object and flower to a complete point. Spin the woolen yarn for these 10 cuts to the pound, 18 cuts when double and twisted, and 14 pound No. 5 single white cotton will fill one; 18 cuts No. 5 cotton double and twisted, 9 cuts single cotton No. 5, color the 9 cuts No. 5 blue will warp one. I put in operation two new figures on my other half double coverlet loom.

Figured table Linen, Ingraine and other Carpets woven as formerly at the old stand on Green street, Salem, Columbia Co., O.

JAMES McLERAN.

May 23, 1847.

PHONOGRAPH AND FONOTYPE.

WM. C. ALEXANDER would respectfully announce to the citizens of Northern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania, that he intends spending some time in teaching the above sciences, and those wishing to obtain a correct and practical knowledge of them can obtain his services on the following terms:—

He will visit any town and give a course of twelve lessons to a class of any number for \$30 dollars and his board during the time of teaching. Or a course of five lessons (which will give a knowledge of the elementary principles of the science and enable those attending to complete the course without any further assistance from a teacher) will be given for \$15.

Teachers of academies and other institutions of learning will find it to their advantage to have it introduced into their schools as early as possible.

All communications addressed to him at Columbiana, Col., county, Ohio, will receive prompt attention.

Columbiana, Sept. 4, 1847. 6m

THE SALEM BOOK-STORE.

Has recently received considerable additions to its Stock of Books and Stationary from New York and Philadelphia, and now offers to its "friends, and the public generally," as cheap and well-selected a lot as can be found any where in the county, to say the least.—The subscribers have taken special pains to ascertain where the best Publications of the day were to be had, as well as the standard LITERARY & SCIENTIFIC WORKS, and now have the pleasure of saying that they have secured an excellent variety of the best and most popular. Also, a full assortment of ECLECTIC SCHOOL BOOKS, lately from Cincinnati.

All orders for Books, singly or by the lot, cheerfully and promptly attended to.

GALBREATH & HOLMES.
Salem, June 4, 1847.

THE SUBSCRIBERS take this opportunity of informing their friends and the public generally that they have commenced the Wholesale Grocery Commission and Forwarding business, under the firm of Gilmore, Porter & Moore. All consignments made to them will receive prompt attention. Upon the reception of orders, they will give liberal acceptances. If desired—charges reasonable.

Address Gilmore, Porter & Moore, No 36, west Front street, Cincinnati.
HIRAM S. GILMORE,
ROBERT PORTER,
AUGUSTUS O. MOORE.
Cincinnati, May 4, 1847.

Agents for the "Bugle."

OHIO.
New Garden; David L. Galbreath, and T. E. Vickers.

Columbiana; Lot Holmes.
Cool Springs; Mahlon Irvin.
Berlin; Jacob H. Barnes.
Marblehead; Dr. K. G. Thomas.
Canfield; John Wetmore.
Lowellville; John Bissell.

Youngstown; J. S. Johnson, and Wm. J. Bright.
New Lyme; Marsena Miller.

East Fairfield; John Marsh.
Selma; Thomas Swaine.
Springboro; Ira Thomas.
Harveysburg; V. Nicholson.

Oakland; Elizabeth Brooke.
Chagrin Falls; S. B. Brown.
Petersburg; Ruth Tomlinson.
Columbus; W. W. Pollard.

Georgetown; Ruth Cope.
Bundysburg; Alex. Glenn.
Farmington; Willard Curtis.
Elyria; L. J. Burrell.

Oberlin; Lucy Stone.
Ohio City; R. B. Dennis.
Newton Falls; Dr. Homer Earle.

Ravenna; Joseph Carroll.
Hannah T. Thomas; Wilkesville.
Southgate; Caleb Greene.
Mt. Union; Joseph Barnard.

Hillsboro; Wm. Lylo Keys.
Malta; Wm. Cope.
Hinkley; C. D. Brown.

Richfield; Jerome Hurlburt, Elijah Poor.
Lodi; Dr. Still.
Chester & Roads; H. W. Curtis.

Painesville; F. McGrew.
Franklin Mills; Isaac Russell.
Granger; L. Hill.
Bath; G. G. Clough.

Hartford; G. W. Bushnell.
Garrettsville; A. Joiner.
Andover; A. G. Garlick and J. F. Whitmore.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Fallston; Milo A. Townsend.
Pittsburgh; H. Vashon.